

meeting will be held

Ten Sound Reasons Why You Should Buy

NA-DRU-CO

(Pronounced NA-DROO-KO)

Medicinal and Toilet Preparations

Because They are

1. Guaranteed by the largest Wholesale Drug Firm in America—the National Drug and Chemical Company of Canada, Limited.
2. Made of Purest Ingredients—every ounce of which has passed rigid tests for strength and purity.
3. Compounded by Expert Chemists—legally qualified to dispense prescriptions.
4. Made according to Proven Formulas—tested for years for safety and efficiency.
5. Not "Cure-Alls"—but specific prescriptions for particular ailments.
6. Non-Secret—We will furnish to any physician or druggist, on request, a list of the ingredients in any Na-Dru-Preparation. Ask your druggist.
7. A Complete Trade-marked Line—including practically every Toilet or Medicinal preparation you ever need.
8. Made in Canada—by Canadians—for Canadians' benefit.
9. On Sale Throughout Canada—If your druggist hasn't the particular Na-Dru-Co article you need, he can get it within 2 days.
10. A "Money Back" Proposition—If any Na-Dru-Co preparation is unsatisfactory we will gladly refund your money.

Na-Dru-Co Headache Wafers

Step a headache in 30 minutes. Contain no harmful drug.

Na-Dru-Co Dyspepsia Tablets

Cure sour stomach—heartburn—flatulence—indigestion—chronic dyspepsia.

Na-Dru-Co Laxatives

Act without any discomfort. Increased doses not needed.

Na-Dru-Co Baby Tablets

Relieve Baby's ills. Especially valuable during teething.

National Drug and Chemical Company of Canada, Limited

Wholesale Branches at:

Halifax—St. John—Montreal—Ottawa—Kingston—Toronto—Hamilton—London—Winnipeg—Regina—Calgary—Nelson—Vancouver—Victoria.

CANADA'S CLAPHAM JUNCTION.

The "Roaringest Town in Canada" Cannot Wait for Map-Makers.

When a Canadian goes to England he has to learn that he has an accent. He may have been told so before, but he did not believe it. In England he is forced to feel that his voice is harsh, and finally to admit that he has a peculiarity of speech which Englishmen are justified in describing as "the Canadian accent." Yet we are somewhat at a loss to know where the Canadian backwoodsman, quoted by The London Chronicle, learned to talk. A representative of that journal, travelling from Toronto to the new town of Cochrane, fell in with the backwoodsman and they conversed. Here is his account of the interview:

"Cochrane's going to be the roaringest town in Canada, so that!" The backwoodsman paused, gave a savage growl, expectorated violently, and shifted the plug to the other side of his mouth in a manner that conveyed the idea of having imparted some highly important information. "Well, where is Cochrane, anyway? It's not on the map," I ventured.

"What? Map? Oh—no!" and he plumped his hand savagely on my shoulder. "Young'un, you're a tenderfoot. You'll soon learn that maps ain't no account out 'ere. They can't keep up with the growth of the country. We ain't got no call for maps. You jump on the train, book to Cochrane, and they'll put you right down there sure."

I did book my seat, and some hours later tumbled out of the Pullman with a crowd of travelers. Evidently there were plenty of people who knew all about Cochrane and how to get there, even if I didn't.

It was indeed a motley throng. Lantern-jawed Americans, swarthy Italians, fair-skinned Scandinavians, bushy-eyebrowed Russians, a stolid German, two Servians, and typical examples of one or two other nationalities elbowed one another. Each shouldered his sack containing the whole of his worldly possessions, and shambled his way to a wooden building near by.

"We drop a crowd like that every night," commented the conductor. "They're bound for the camps." Situated as it is on the junction of two great railways, the London correspondent describes Cochrane as "The Clapham Junction of Canada."

The Accuser exposed.

The athletic parson is no rare character in these modern days. In fact, it is nothing unusual to see a clergyman of the congregation leading the young men in the sports and healthy amusements. More than fifty years ago, such a course would have been regarded with doubtful eye. In a recent publication, "John Sanderson the First," the author tells of how Mr. R. S. Nelles, who was principal of Newburgh Academy and afterwards chancellor of Victoria University, was grievously misunderstood because he insisted on sharing the boys' games of ball and hockey. As he was a local preacher of the Methodist Church, some of the church authorities summoned him before them to account for his interest in "dangerous and soul-destroying" amusements. The pastor, Mr. Sanderson, who was a genial Irishman, was in sympathy with the accused and waited until the prime mover against him had spoken.

"You will hardly believe it," said the pastor referring to the chief accuser, "but I have at hand proof in the evening of the day of his last visit to Napanee, he bought a ticket for the circus, and, with his hat drawn over his eyes, so that he might not be recognized, slipped into the big tent and enjoyed right heartily the whole performance, trapeze, ballet-dancers and all. And this is the man who would hound our brother Nelles to the death of his well-earned Christian reputation. Brethren, I say for another motion." Needless to say, the young local preacher was exonerated and the hypocritical accuser was brought to shame. It was also disclosed that Mr. Nelles had taught the boys to play ball in a Christian spirit.

Canada's Sea-Dog.

Rear-Admiral Kingsmill is returning to Canada. He has been in England looking after the Canadian navy. He will report that the Niobe—not all tears, however—will be dispatched in September and be put into commission in the Gulf of St. Lawrence as a training station. The Rainbow also has been renovated and will swing out soon via the Suez Canal for assignment to a fisheries protection assignment. Then there are four cruisers and six destroyers to hulk—in Canada. Admiral Kingsmill is interested in having work begun quickly. Probabilities are in favor of shipbuilding plants and dry-docks at Montreal, Quebec and Halifax just as soon as the Government are able to decide the ticklish problem of which is entitled to how much.

A Notable Class.

Mackenzie King is just now the most conspicuous all-Canadian member of that distinguished class of '95 in Toronto University. Two of the other brilliant lights in that aggregation are politicians—Hon. C. W. Cross, lately Attorney-General of Alberta, and Hamar Greenwood, well-known in British politics. A good few are writers: Arthur Stringer, "novelist" and poet; Norman Duncan, story-writer; the late James Tucker, miner-poet and once co-editor of Saturday Night; Rev. O. B. Wicher, missionary to Japan and Oriental writer.

A Ten Ounce Dog.

The Glasgow naturalist who has been exhibiting a six-month-old Pomeranian as the smallest live dog seems to have missed a rare opportunity of becoming rich by failing to hire out microscopes through which to view the animal. It weighs only ten ounces, stands about three inches high, and isn't nearly so long as its designation.

BAD BLOOD

Is the direct and inevitable result of irregular or constipated bowels and clogged-up kidneys and skin. The uncleanest food and other waste matter which is allowed to accumulate poisons the blood and the whole system. Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills act directly on the bowels, regulating them—on the kidneys, giving them ease and strength to properly filter the blood—and on the skin, opening up the pores. For pure blood and good health take

DR. MORSE'S INDIAN ROOT PILLS

At the Resort Theatre

Miss Sue Bret—I have a living engagement here at last. Walking Gent—What 'tis? "I have a part in which I have to cook and eat a plate of real ham and eggs at every performance."

HOW ONE WOMAN REGAINED HEALTH

Utterly Helpless and Friends Did Not Expect Her to Get Better

The great fame of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is due to the fact that they have restored to active health and strength hundreds of people when all other treatment had failed to cure, and who had come to believe themselves hopeless, chronic invalids. The case of Mrs. Henry Britton, 1284 Alexander Avenue, Winnipeg, Minn., adds another striking proof to the truth of this assertion. Mr. Britton writes as follows concerning his wife's long illness and ultimate cure through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. "It is a simple thing to recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and yet it is difficult to express fully one's heart-felt gratitude for such a marvelous remedy, as they have restored my wife to health and strength after the best efforts of the medical fraternity had failed. For years prior to our coming to Canada, and since that time up to about three years ago, my wife had been subject to severe illnesses from what the doctors said was chronic anemia. She was utterly and entirely helpless, and so weak that she had to be lifted in and out of bed for weeks at a stretch. The trouble was aggravated by recurrent rheumatism and heart trouble. She had no appetite or strength for anything. I employed the best medical attendance and nurses procurable. The doctor gave her tonics and ordered beef tea and wine. The tonics and medicine would relieve her for a time, and then she would slip back once more into the old state—but worse if anything. Then we began giving her advertised remedies, but all seemed of no avail. One evening while reading a newspaper I happened to see an advertisement of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. It told the case of a young woman who had been a great sufferer from anemia, and who testified to having been cured through the use of these Pills. The case seemed to describe very closely the symptoms of my wife, and although I had pretty nearly lost all hope of her ever being well again, I decided to get a supply of the Pills and urged her to use them. My wife was thoroughly disheartened, and said she expected it was only another case of money thrown away. However, she began taking the Pills, and I thank God she did, for after she had used them for a time, she felt they were helping her. From that time on her appetite came back, her color began to return, and she who had been looked upon as a helpless invalid began to take a new interest in life. She continued taking the Pills and through them her health continued to improve, until at last we were able to heartily congratulate her upon her complete restoration to health. Some three years have since passed, and in that time she has never been bothered in the slightest degree with the old trouble. The cure has astonished everyone who knew how ill she had been, and we acknowledge with heart-felt thanks our gratitude to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills which literally brought her back to health from the brink of the grave."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure such cases as this in just one way—they actually make new blood, which fills the depleted veins and brings new strength to every nerve and every organ in the body. Nearly all the everyday ailments of life come from poor or watery blood, and it is because Dr. Williams' Pink Pills make new blood that they cure anemia, indigestion, headaches, dizziness and backaches, rheumatism, neuralgia, general weakness and the ailments that growing girls and women do not like to talk about, even to their doctors. If you are weak, sick or ailing, no other medicine will cure you so quickly as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Society is composed of two great classes—those who have more dinners than appetite, and those who have more appetite than dinners.—Smart Set.

Chartered accountant, graduate in agriculture, traveler, athlete and soldier, Lieut. Col. James George Ross is one of the most all-round men in Montreal, where he was born in 1861. He has seen long service in the Canadian militia; beginning with the Ontario Field Battery at Guelph in 1879. At that time he was plugging up agriculture at the O.A.C. Just after he got his degree of B.A. from Guelph he took a trip to far-away Manitoba—about the time the C.P.R. was poking a nose into the province. After an extensive tour in the West he returned to Montreal and went into accounting in his father's office. At the same time he linked up with the Victoria Rifles; became identified with all the athletic and club life there was in Montreal—as well as much of its financial development, being soon at the head of his deceased father's firm. Snowshoe runner, lake member of the Ontario Amateur Athletic Association, expert canoeist, crack player of Britannia Football Club—particularly on snowshoes, however, he made a name, having several medals and records on the wickers. But always interested in the militia, he went from the Victoria Rifles to the 5th Royal Highlanders, of which in 1908 he became lieutenant-colonel.

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At the Resort Theatre. Miss Sue Bret—I have a living engagement here at last. Walking Gent—What 'tis? "I have a part in which I have to cook and eat a plate of real ham and eggs at every performance."

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NURSING SISTERS AT CAMP.

Canada Is Now Equipped Like Armies of the Older World.

Canadian girls, like their sisters everywhere, get the reputation of having a weakness for brass buttons. For instance, at a dance, what chance has a sable-garbed civilian where there are military waitings? So far in Canada this feminine admiration for things militant has been only passive; which is to say that the girls of the Dominion have been largely content to be mere spectators of the splendours of military pomp, sometimes it is true being carried away by the glitter, and then expressing their effervescent spirits as smart cadets in amateur theatricals or at the college masquerade. Till this year in Canada there were no real soldier girls—live soldier girls who could reel off the Militia List and gossip volubly of the summer camp.

June, 1910, is somewhat of a memorable date in the history of military camps in full regular—and for once the dashing captains in their proud plumage were not the heroes. There were heroines—Nursing Sisters Morris, Leichman, McGiffin, Daymon, Hammel and Hatch. On the pretty blue uniforms are shoulder straps, and the brass buttons on the epaulettes indicate that each of the young ladies is dignified with the rank of lieutenant during her stay in camp.

The Nursing Sisters are attached to the Army Medical Corps. Bringing their camp—that was a step in advance for the corps, another example of the progress which has characterized the militia during the past ten years; which has substituted the Army Service Corps for the bull-beef contractor, and organized the Army Medical Corps in place of the regimental doctor and his slim, black bag, turning the whole Canuck army from a crudity into a system.

"Nursing experience to be found in summer camp," you say. "Pshaw!" Then the colonel and his assistants will quietly laugh at your incredulity, and tell you how dead wrong you are.

This year there were eleven days of Niagara camp. Now for the casualty list. In that period out of 4,000 soldiers, 129 sick and wounded were cared for by the Nursing Sisters. The casualties ranged from indigestion and gunshot-wound down the list to colds and pneumonia.

One case of appendicitis was recorded—quite notable, for the victim for the first time in the Canadian military history was operated on, and successfully too, in the open air.

What of the hospital equipment at Niagara? Eight tents comprised the hospital, each tent a ward containing six beds. The capacity of the hospital was, therefore, 48 patients and the maximum was well averaged during the eleven days. There was an operating tent and a diet tent. The wards were regularly patrolled, diet sheets were kept, records of the patient, his progress and treatment, were set down. In fact the canvas institution was a city hospital in epitome—one difference; the ozone flapped through the tent wards, chasing away the odor of the apothecary.

The innovation of the Nursing Sisters at Niagara camp was a distinct success. It is understood that the Militia Department have it under consideration to invite more trained nurses from the big hospitals to the summer camps throughout the Dominion. This policy would bear fruit in case of active service; the girls who have learned the routine of the regimental lines would then be able to superintend the operations of the military hospitals which would be established.

A Versatile Soldier.

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WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

The Origin of the Old Saying, "Robbing Peter to Pay Paul."

The greatest landmark in London is doubtless St. Paul's. Its massive outline and lofty towering dome, whether seen from the busy street or the quiet river constitute a characteristic feature and form a picture which out of countless spectacles and the blur of seemingly endless traffic most visitors take away with them as the predominant impression of the greatest city in the world.

It is, however, to Westminster Abbey that the tourist naturally turns when he desires to see a standing embodiment of antiquity and the greatest of the British Empire. It is more than 600 years older than St. Paul's. Founded in 1065 by the gentle King, Edward the Confessor, it saw in the following year the coronation of Norman William and the establishment of the present royal line. Filled with the tombs of kings and poets, warriors and statesmen, of prelates and philosophers, it appeals alike to the memory and the imagination and arouses an interest that goes on increasing with the flow of time.

Yet (says a writer in The Washington Post), of the hundreds of thousands of foreigners who visit Westminster Abbey annually, it is safe to say that but an infinitesimal minority is aware of its proper style and title of the venerable pile. Nor is this strange, for the British people themselves have in the long lapse of ages and in the vicissitudes which the ages have brought ceased to remember it. The late Dean Stanley, who loved the glorious old church with a great love, once remarked that there are probably but few Englishmen who care to be reminded that the full title of Westminster Abbey is the "Collegiate Church, or Abbey of St. Peter."

Stanley also adopted the opinion generally held that the proverb "Robbing Peter to pay Paul" took its origin from the diversion of certain of the abbey estates about 1550 from their original purpose to the benefit of the old St. Paul's. This view may, however, reasonably be doubted, for the saying "Crucifying Paul to redeem Peter" is traceable as far back as the twelfth century, and the phrase "Robbing St. Peter to clothe St. Paul" is found in 1515, and a similar locution occurs in early French.

The form of the expression now in vogue was solidified and rendered current by the agitation started in the city of London proper, as distinct from the city of Westminster, where the abbey stands—that the great East Chatham should be buried in St. Paul's. To deprive the abbey, in favor of its younger rival, of the distinction of enshrining the remains of the greatest statesman that in her rough island story, England has produced would be to rob Peter to pay Paul with a vengeance, and the taunt was so freely bandied about that the peculiar form of verbiage has ever since had an abiding place in the English language.

Queen Mother's Kindness.

Lord Tennyson, the late poet laureate, used to relate a story showing the thoughtfulness of Queen Alexandra. It was on the occasion of a voyage with Mr. Gladstone, and many distinguished people were on board. Tennyson, as related by a friend of his, read, "The Grandmother" on board because the Princess of Wales asked for it. "I read it," said Tennyson, "in a cabin on deck. The princess sat close to me at one side and a young lady whom I didn't know on the other. The wind came through an open window, and the princess whispered, 'Put on your hat'; but I said I ought, if possible, to make myself balder than ever before so many royalties. She said again, 'Oh, put it on' so I did, and I heard afterwards that the King of Denmark's court fool, who was in the background (they really kept a court fool), remarked 'He may be laureate, but he has not learned court manners.' When I was done the ladies praised me and I patted the unknown one on the back by way of reply, and presently I found that she was the Empress of Russia."

"Hardly any. He said he couldn't speak English. Perhaps he was disgusted at my patting his wife on the back. His head was up in the cabin ceiling as he walked about below."

Gypsy Wordless Language.

To communicate with one another, gypsies now use letters—and they use the telegraph, too, when necessary—especially in this country. But the modern Romany also follows the "patteran," tracing the footsteps, or wagon tracks, of his friends on the road by the same method employed by his ancient prototype, reading directions where no words are written as clearly as the gorgio does a roadside signboard. But the patteran can be read by the gypsy only—it is hidden and secret, although it may be in plain sight, as a signboard is open and public. The patteran may be formed of sticks or stones or grass, placed cross fashion at the parting of roads in such manner that only a gypsy would instantly notice and understand. To him it means much, first of all the direction taken by Romany predecessors.

Birth Taxes in England.

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Doomed to Suffering

RESCUED BY "FRUIT-A-TIVES"



CHARLES BARNETT, Esq. Harbor au Bouche, March 24, 1909. "I suffered terribly from Biliousness and Dyspepsia for fifteen years, was treated by physicians and took many remedies but got no relief. Then I took 'Fruit-a-tives', and this medicine completely cured me when everything else failed. To all sufferers from indigestion, Biliousness and Constipation, I strongly advise them to try this fruit medicine." Charles Barnett. 50c a box, 6 for \$2.50—or trial box, 25c. At all dealers or from Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

Easy for the Owner

"How do you keep your lawn mower sharp?" "I don't. My borrowing neighbors do it."

Shiloh's Cure

quickly stops coughs, cures colds, heals the throat and lungs. - 15 cents.

Easy-going men take things as they come.

A pleasant medicine for children is Mother Graves' Worm Extremator, and there is nothing better for driving worms from the system.

The man who quits smoking has more money to spend on his other habits.

TELKWA, B. C.

On main line of Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, in midst of rich agricultural and mining district. Lots from \$100 up. Write for full particulars.

NORTH COAST LAND COY., Ltd., 410-11-12 Winch Building, Vancouver, B.C. London Office, 6 Old Jewry

Original "Rogers Bros."

When you buy knives, forks, spoons, etc., marked "1847 ROGERS BROS."

you get the original "Rogers Bros." silver plate—a brand famous the world over since 1847. Best tea sets, dinner, waiters, etc., are stamped MERIDEN BRITA CO. SOLD BY LEADING DEALERS "Silver Plate that Waars"

Dominion Express

Money Orders and Foreign Cheques

are payable all over the World.

Absolutely the best way to remit money by mail.

TRAVELLERS' CHEQUES ISSUED

Money sent by Telegraph and Cable

Foreign Money bought and sold.

Rates for Money Orders

\$5 and under	1 cent
Over \$5 to \$10	6 "
" 10 to 20	10 "
" 20 to 50	15 "

On Sale in all Can. Pac. Ry. Stations.

Poor Digestion?

This is one of the first signs of stomach weakness. Distress after eating, sour eructations, sick headache, bilious conditions are all indicative that it is the stomach that needs assistance. Help it to regain health and strength by taking

BEECHAM'S PILLS

for they are a stomach remedy that never disappoints. They act quickly and gently upon the digestive organs, sweeten the contents of the stomach, carry off the disturbing elements, and establish healthy conditions of the liver and bile.

The wonderful tonic and strengthening effects from Beecham's Pills, make them a safe remedy—they

Help Weak Stomachs

Sold Everywhere. In Boxes and Bottles.

W. N. U., No. 210.

There's The Rub

"Rural mail carriers have been instructed to deliver weather prophecies."

"Aye!" But who will deliver the weather?"

Requisite on the Farm.—Every farmer and stock-raiser should keep a supply of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil on hand, not only as a ready remedy for ills in the family, but because it is a horse and cattle medicine of great potency. As a substitute for sweet oil for horses and cattle affected by colic it far surpasses anything that can be administered.

"It's hard for a man to get along without a woman."

"There's only one thing harder."

"What?"

"To get along with one."—Cleveland Leader.

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia

Anyway, a stranger in a town never has to hire a small boy to point out the saloons.

Incessant Demands

"My present patient," said the pretty nurse, "is very exacting—wants something all the time."

"Never mind. He may ask you to marry him."

"I wouldn't be surprised if he did. He has about run out of other requests."—Louisville Courier-Journal.



The BLACK BAG

By Louis Joseph Vance

Copyright, 1906, by the Bobbs-Merrill Co.

(Continued.)

Dorothy looked anxiously to Kirkwood, her lips forming an unuttered query—what did he think?

"Don't worry. We'll have no trouble," he reassured her stoutly. "The chauffeur knows undoubtedly."

None the less he was moved to stand up in the tonneau, conscious of the presence of the traveling bag, snug between his feet, as well as of the weight of Calendar's revolver in his pocket, while he stared back along the road.

There was nothing to be seen of their persecutors.

The car continued to crawl. Five minutes dragged tediously. Gradually they drew abreast a tavern standing back a distance from the road. Sluggishly the car rolled up before it and came to a dead and silent halt. Charles, the mechanic, jumping out, ran hastily up the path toward the inn. In the car Brentwick turned again, his eyes curiously bright in the starlight, his forehead quaintly furrowed, his voice apologetic.

"It may take a few minutes," he said undecidedly, plainly endeavoring to cover up his own dark doubts. "My dear," to the girl, "if I have brought trouble upon you in this wise I shall never earn my own forgiveness."

"As if you could be blamed!" protested the girl. "You mustn't think of it that way. Fancy, what should we have done without you?"

"I'm afraid I have been very clumsy," sighed Brentwick, "clumsy and impulsive. Kirkwood, do you hear anything?"

"Not yet, sir."

"Perhaps," suggested Brentwick a little later—"perhaps we had better alight and go up to the inn. It would be more cozy there, especially if the petrol proves hard to obtain and we have long to wait."

"I should like that," assented the girl decidedly.

Kirkwood nodded his approval, opened the door and jumped out to assist her, then picked up the bag and followed the pair, Brentwick leading the way with Dorothy on his arm.

At the doorway of the Crown and Miller Charles met them, evidently seriously disturbed. "No petrol to be had here, sir," he announced reluctantly. "But the landlord will send to the next inn, a mile up the road, for some. You will have to be patient, I'm afraid, sir."

"Very well. Get some one to help you push the car in from the road," ordered Brentwick. "We will be waiting in one of the private parlors."

"Yes, sir. Thank you, sir." The mechanic touched the visor of his cap and hurried off.

"Come, Kirkwood," gently Brentwick drew the girl in with him.

A rosy cheeked and beaming landlady met him in the corridor and, all bows and smiles, ushered him into a private parlor reserved for the party, immediately bustling off in a desperate hurry to secure refreshments desired by Brentwick.

The girl had seated herself on one end of an extremely comfortable lounge and was making a palpable effort to seem at ease. Brentwick stood at one of the windows, shoulders rounded and head bent, hands clasped behind his back as he peered out into the night. Kirkwood dropped the traveling bag beneath a chair the farthest removed from the doorway and took to pacing the floor.

In a corner of the room a tall grandfather's clock ticked off ten interminable minutes. For some reason unconsciously delaying, the landlady did not reappear. Brentwick, abruptly turning from the window, remarked the fact querulously, then drew a chair up to a marble topped table in the middle of the floor.

"My dear," he requested the girl, "will you oblige me by sitting over here? And, Philip, bring up a chair, if you will. We must not permit ourselves to worry, and I have something here which may perhaps engage your interest for awhile."

To humor him and alleviate his evident distress of mind they acceded. Kirkwood found himself seated opposite Dorothy. Suddenly Charles burst unceremoniously in, leaving the door wide open.

"Mr. Brentwick, sir," he cried gaily, "that other car!"

With a smothered ejaculation Kirkwood leaped to his feet, tugging at the weapon in his pocket. In another instant he had the revolver exposed. The girl's cry of alarm, interrupting the mechanic, fixed Brentwick's attention on the young man. He, too, stood up, reaching over very quickly to clasp strong, supple fingers round Kirkwood's wrist, while with the other hand he laid hold of the revolver and by a single twist wrenched it away.

Kirkwood turned upon him in fury. "So," he cried, shaking with passion, "this is what your hospitality meant! You're going to—"

"My dear young friend," interrupted Brentwick, with a dash of impatience, "remember that if I had designed to betray you I could have asked no better opportunity than when you were my guest under my own roof."

"But—hang it all, Brentwick," ex-

postulated Kirkwood, ashamed and contrite, but worked upon by desperate apprehension, "I didn't mean that, but—"

"Would you have bullets flying when she is near?" demanded Brentwick scathingly. Hastily he slipped the revolver upon a little shelf beneath the table top. "Sir," he informed Kirkwood with some heat, "I love you as my own son, but you're a young fool, as I have been in my time and as I would to heaven I might be again! He advised, Philip—be calm. Can't you see it's the only way to save your treasure?"

"Hang the jewels!" retorted Kirkwood warmly. "What?"

"Sir, who said anything about the jewels?"

As Brentwick spoke Calendar's corpulent figure filled the doorway; Stryker's weather worn features loomed over his shoulder, distorted in a cheerful leer.

"As to the jewels," announced the fat adventurer, "I've got a word to say, if you put it to me that way."

He paused on the threshold, partly for dramatic effect, partly for his own satisfaction. In his hand a revolver appeared, poised for immediate use if there were need.

There was none. Brentwick, at his primal appearance, had dropped a peremptory hand on Kirkwood's shoulder, forcing the young man back to his seat. At the same time he resumed his own. The girl had not stirred from her place since the first alarm. She sat as if transfixed with terror, leaning forward with her elbows on the table, her hands tightly clasped, her face, a little blanched, turned to the door. But her scarlet lips were set and firm with inflexible purpose, and her brown eyes met Calendar's with a look level and unflinching. Beyond this she gave no sign of recognition.

Nearest of the four to the adventurers was Charles, the mechanic, paused in affrighted astonishment at sight of the revolver. Calendar, choosing to advance suddenly, poked the muzzle of the weapon jocularly in the man's ribs. "Beat it, Four Eyes!" he snapped. "This is your cue to duck! Get out of my way!"

The mechanic jumped as if shot, then hastily retreated to the table, his salient features working beneath the goggles which had excited the fat adventurer's scorn.

"Come right in, cap'n," Calendar threw over one shoulder. "Come in, shut the door and lock it. Let's all be sociable and have a nice quiet time."

Stryker obeyed, with a derisive grimace for Kirkwood.

Calendar, advancing jauntily to a point within a yard of the table, stopped, smiling affably down upon his prospective victims and airily twirling his revolver.

"Good evening, all!" he saluted them blandly. "Dorothy, my child," with assumed concern, "you're looking a trifle upset. I'm afraid you've been keeping late hours. Little girls must be careful, you know, or they lose the bloom of roses in their cheeks. Mr. Kirkwood, it's a pleasure to meet you again. Permit me to paraphrase your most sound advice and remind you that pistol shots are apt to attract undesirable attention. It wouldn't be wise for you to bring the police about our ears. I believe that in substance such was your sapient counsel to me in the cabin of the Althea, was it not? And you, sir," fixing Brentwick with a cold, unfriendly eye, "you animated fossil, what might your name be?"

"It might be Brentwick," said that gentleman placidly.

"Brentwick, eh? Well, I like a man of spirit. But permit me to advise you—"

"Gladly," nodded Brentwick.

"Eh? Don't come a second time between father and daughter. Another man might not be as patient as I, Mr. Brentwick. There's a law in the land. If you don't happen to know it."

"I congratulate you on your success in evading it," observed Brentwick, undisturbed. "And it was considerate of you not to employ it in this instance." Then, with a sharp change of tone, "Come, sir," he demanded.

"You have unwarrantably intruded on this room, which I have engaged for my private use. Get through with your business and be off with you."

"All in good time, my antediluvian friend. When I've wound up my business here I'll go—no more. But, just to oblige you, we'll get down to it. Kirkwood, you have a revolver of mine. Be good enough to return it."

"I have it here, under the table," interrupted Brentwick suavely. "Shall I hand it to you?"

"By the muzzle, if you please. Be very careful. This one's loaded, too—apt to explode any minute."

To Kirkwood's intense disgust Brentwick quietly slipped one hand beneath the table and, placing the revolver on its top, deliberately with his finger tips shoved it toward the farther edge.

With a grunt of approval Calendar swept the weapon up and into his pocket.

"Any more ordinance?" he inquired briskly, eyes moving alertly from face to face. "No matter. You wouldn't dare use 'em anyway. And I'm about done. Dorothy, my dear, it's high time you returned to your father's protection. Where's that gladstone bag?"

"In my travelling bag," the girl told him in a toneless voice.

"Then you may bring it along. You may also say good night to the kind gentlemen."

CHAPTER XXXI.

DOROTHY did not move. Her pallor grew more intense, and as Kirkwood saw her knuckles tighten beneath the gloves; otherwise her mouth seemed to grow more straight and hard.

"Dorothy!" cried the adventurer, with a touch of displeasure. "You heard me?"

"I heard you," she replied a little wearily, more than a little contemptuously. "Don't mind him, please, Mr. Kirkwood," with an appealing gesture, as Kirkwood, unable to contain himself, moved restlessly in his chair, threatening to rise. "Don't say anything. I have no intention whatever of going with this man."

Calendar's features twitched nervously. He chewed a corner of his mustache, fixing the girl with a black stare. "I presume," he remarked, after a moment, with slow deliberation, "you're aware that as your father I am in a position to compel you to accompany me."

"I shall not go with you," iterated Dorothy in a level tone. "You may threaten me, but I shall not go. Mr. Brentwick and Mr. Kirkwood are taking me to—friends, who will give me a home until I can find a way to take care of myself. That is all I have to say to you."

"Bravo, my dear!" cried Brentwick encouragingly.

"Mind your business, sir!" thundered Calendar, his face darkening, then to Dorothy, "You understand, I trust, what this means?" he demanded. "I offer you a home, and a good one. Refuse you and you work for your living, my girl! You've forfeited your legacy!"

"I know, I know," she told him in cold disdain. "I am content. Won't you be kind enough to leave me alone?"

For a breath Calendar glowered over her. Then, "I presume," he observed, "that all these heroics are inspired by that whippersnapper Kirkwood. Do you know that he hasn't a brass farthing to bless himself with?"

"What has that?" cried the girl indignantly.

"Why, it has everything to do with me, my child. As your doting parent I can't consent to your marrying nothing a year, for I surmise you intend to marry this Mr. Kirkwood, don't you?"

There followed a little interval of silence, while the warm blood flamed in the girl's face and the red lips trembled as she faced her tormentor. Then, with a quaver that escaped her control, "If Mr. Kirkwood asks me I shall," she stated very simply.

"That," interposed Kirkwood, "is completely understood." His gaze sought her eyes, but she looked away.

"You forget that I am your father," sneered Calendar, "and that you are a minor. I can refuse my consent."

"But you won't," Kirkwood told him, with assurance.

(To be Continued.)

THE OUTERMOST MAYOR

IT'S ATHABASCA NOW.

WITH THE SOOTHSAYERS.

THE IDEAL ARBITRATOR

JUDGE BARRON'S UNIQUE METHOD IS A POPULAR ONE.

The Chairman of the Conciliation Board That Settled the Threatened Street Car Strike in Toronto Realizes That the Public is an Interested Party—Flower Gardens and Tuberculosis Campaign His Hobbies.

Chairman of the Board of Arbitration appointed to adjudicate between the Toronto Street Railway Co. and its men, Judge Barron has found that while the bench may have its worries the settlement of a dispute between

capital and labor is a much more difficult matter. The judge has all the qualities of a first-class arbitrator. He is above all things painstaking and cheerful. He has a keen interest in public affairs. In Stratford, the county seat of his judiciary where he resides, he has the reputation of being by all odds the most public-spirited citizen. The judge is deeply interested in three public questions: flower-gardens for the people; tuberculosis; good roads; and the navy. He was born in Toronto; son of a master of Upper Canada College.

How England Banished Flies.

An authority on health has this to say regarding the house fly:

The fly can be got rid of. This fact was proved in England, where 50 years ago, flies were a nuisance and as great a danger as they are now in America. To-day, broadly speaking, England is so thoroughly rid of flies that the English rarely screen their houses. How did the English do it? As we must do it—by each family keeping its house clean. Screens will keep flies out of a house and flypaper will kill them. But neither gets at the cause. There is only one way to do away with flies, and that is to keep clean the places where they breed and love to feed.

Manure heaps of horses and cattle should be kept in covered pits, bins or flyproof closets, and stables and pens must be kept clean of manure.

Outside lavatories should be kept clean and all excrement covered up or dropped with poison lime or oil. Kitchen refuse should be placed in closely, cleanly kept garbage cans.

All decaying matter should be buried or burned.

All receptacles, such as cuspidores, should be kept clean.

Until we are clean ourselves we cannot keep healthy, and until we keep our houses clean we cannot keep away the flies.

If there are flies around or in your house, either you or your neighbor is careless with regard to absolute cleanliness. And until the flies are got rid of, as they can be with care and watchfulness, a positive danger to your wife and children confronts you.

The Need of Preparation.

In the home of Lord —, in Scotland, Lady — was showing to Mrs. Torrey the robes she wore at the coronation. As she was showing her these robes she said: "There was a singular thing happened at the coronation. Right near me a lady came in, a member of the nobility, whose rank nobody questioned. But," she said, "we had all been instructed just what to wear and just how to come in. This lady came in beautifully dressed, but she did not have on the prescribed garment."

"One of the marshals came down and called her out. She said she was a titled lady, but sternly the marshal called her out. 'You have not on the prescribed robe,' and she had to leave the abbey in disgrace."—The Rev. R. A. Torrey, D.D., in The Christian Herald.

Sir Francis Laking's Holiday Rules.

Sir Francis Laking, one of the King's physicians-in-ordinary, who has been seriously indisposed, has long been one of royalty's most trusted medical advisers. He has been described as the embodiment of medical common sense. One of the first principles of his medical teaching embraces the manifold virtues of rest, and another is that of letting a patient do, so far as possible, what his inclinations prompt. To those of his patients who are about to go off for a holiday, he says, "Don't over-exert yourself; don't let the good air and change of scene make you eat too heartily, walk too long, or shorten your hours of sleep." For Sir Francis has always been the apostle of moderation.

A Radical Change.

"Do I have to exchange wedding presents in the department from which they were purchased?" "Not at all," said the floorwalker. "Thank you," said the bride. "I want to trade a china vase for a trying pan."

Animal Protection.

Great Britain has the honor of having first formed societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals.

The Landing is the Latest Town to Have Growing Pains.

A live Board of Trade is that of Athabasca Landing. Its last message has just arrived by mail at this office, says The Canadian Courier, radiating optimism in telling of the industries at the far point of the north. From all accounts the Landing is developing into a whacking big place, taking on a national aspect since the railroads began to project into the wilds. The story of Athabasca starts with the fur; with the bear, the fox and the coyote—and the belt-hunters dropping into town. Then come the settler trekking up from Southern Alberta, where he had put Parliament Buildings into the fur post at Edmonton, turning it into a capital of a large province. Peace River became known as a farming district. Cattle and horses roamed on the Arctic plains all winter, fanned by the chinook winds. Oats, barley and wheat sprouted; this year the acreage sown bettered last year's 120 per cent. Lumbering has of late come into Class A with farming as a "leading industry."

If you paddle up the Athabasca from above the town for 100 miles you will see nothing but timber berths, spruce, pine and poplar. Two mills saw wood at Athabasca and there is a portable mill in addition for the chaps who pull their own logs out of the stream.

Fishing by good White fish in Lesser Slave and Lake La Biche have put dollars into the pockets of frontiersmen; nor are they all yet jerked out. Indeed the fisheries of Athabasca have only been tapped. Owing to the lack of rapid transportation, fishermen have had to confine their operations to a short period in the winter. No wait about transportation now. Being by the railroad are the talk of the town for they do say the Landing is to be the Montreal of the north. As yet express trains are not shrieking into Athabasca, but you can almost hear the shouts of the construction gangs from the east and south. Boats are a fact at Athabasca, have been more or less for 25 years. Seventy-five brand new flat boats are annually ordered by the citizens. Lately, with the advent of the Northern Transportation Co. have come three liners, the biggest chugging on the Athabasca River, 120 feet long. Building steam boats has been attempted on a small scale. Last year the Northern Navigation Co.'s engineers built a whole steamboat, 40 horse-power boiler, everything except the engines.

Athabasca Landing has one great lack. He quotes the Board of Trade: "There is an excellent opening here for a brickyard. The nearest brickyard to Athabasca Landing is 100 miles distant, and as next year promises to be a big building year for Athabasca Landing there will be a heavy demand for bricks, and a local company could without difficulty compete with any outside yards."

Ten years ago Athabasca Landing was the jumping-off place for Yukon men when they got that far figured they were just about at the end of the earth.

Known in Rowing Circles.

Accompanying the Queen's Own Rifles on their visit to Aldershot, is Maj. Robert K. Barker, who is well known in rowing circles, both in England and the great Dominion. He has frequently accompanied the famous Argonauts of Toronto to Henley regattas as coxswain and manager. During the South African war he commanded "C" Company of the first Canadian contingent—the Royal Canadian Regiment of Infantry. While this regiment lay at Belmont night lights in the surrounding country gave cause for alarm. Petrol light flashes from kettles and lamps near Belmont led Capt. Barker and a small party of men to investigate the presumed Boer signals. The phantom lights lured the Canadians to a cluster of straw-covered huts, where, in the deepest darkness, they crept on hands and knees to the spot from which the apparent messages were being sent to the Boers. A sudden dash resulted in a surprise for both the light men and the Boers. The natives were simply holding a weird funeral service over the body of a very small infant of the tribe.

A Census Estimate.

The census and statistics branch at Ottawa estimates that on March 31, when the fiscal year closed, Canada had a population of 7,489,781, it being estimated that there was a growth of 305,000 over the year previous. In detail the Department estimates the population as follows:

Maritime Provinces, 1,506,678; Quebec, 2,124,834; Ontario, 2,687,861; Manitoba, 436,111; Saskatchewan, 377,590; Alberta, 321,982; British Columbia, 321,733; unorganized territories, 89,050. Immigration not shown by provinces, 10,962.

These calculations indicate that the census which will be taken June next, will show Canada to have a population of between eight and nine millions.

When Bears Intrude.

"Bear fur has been so low in price the last few years that I have not tried to catch them if they would let my camps alone and keep out of mischief," writes a New Brunswick trapper to The Fur News. "But they quite often break into the camps, and then I have to kill them, whether the fur is good or not. If they do get into a camp butter and coffee seem to be their first choice, but they generally smash everything that will break, and what they don't eat they will destroy, and if they once learn to break into a camp the only way to stop them is the trap or gun."

Makes Copper into Iron.

L. R. Keogh, of Ottawa Collegiate Institute staff, has made a discovery of great scientific and possibly financial importance.

After years of labor and investigation he has succeeded in transmuting copper into iron. This, he claims, has never before been accomplished, and demonstrates the fact that the transmutation of elements is possible.

Mr. Keogh states that to his knowledge this has never been proven before.

Up the Rhine.

"And did you go up the Rhine?" asked a suburban lady of a neighbor who had just returned from a European trip.

"Oh, yes," was the reply—"right to the very top. And what a splendid view there is from the summit!"

Famous Gates.

The bronze gates of San Giovanni, Florence, are the finest work of their kind in the world.

THE OUTERMOST MAYOR

FRED STORK OF PRINCE RUPERT IS A WESTERN HUSTLER.

Laurier's Recent Host Was One of the First Citizens of this New Town and Is in No Way Distinguished From a Chief Executive in the Heart of the Empire—Was First Mayor of the Town of Fernie.

Off-hand if a member of, say the Savage Club in London should be told that the Mayor of Prince Rupert was down in the corridor, he might ejaculate: "My word! What's he dressed in? Buckskin?" Because the most London knows about Prince Rupert is that it's the town that holds down the end of a transcontinental nowhere up on the northern Pacific. Now there are several kinds of tall talk even in Canada about the western terminus of the Grand Trunk Pacific which was given such a pretty prize name a few years ago. There are boosters from the chinooks who will tell you that Prince Rupert has a population of ten thousand and that all she needs to make her a deadly rival to Vancouver is a race problem and a trunk sewer.

Fact of the matter, Prince Rupert has about four thousand people and already a brisk passenger traffic by two lines of steamships; one of the three most remarkable towns in Canada that ever grew up without a railroad. The other two are Edmonton and Dawson. But Edmonton was a fur post a hundred years before the railway came. Dawson has been a gold city for a decade and more. Prince Rupert is a made-to-order metropolis which two years ago had a guild of civic art and just at present is the lying-low place for a large number of people who expect to boom town lots when the railroad strikes.

The Mayor of Prince Rupert is as natty and well-groomed a man as can

be found in Canada. He wears neither buckskin nor celluloid collars. He is a young, modern hustler with a face that entitles him to a fortune and a past that ought to assure him a fine future. When he entertained Sir Wilfrid Laurier and the touring party the other day he carried off the after with all the grace of his lordship the mayor of London bestowing the freedom of the ancient city. He was born in Peel County, Ont., thirty-nine years ago. When a youth he became a plumber; also a tinsmith—expert at putting tin roofs on barns and eave-troughs on houses; though he was a lad of eighteen when he went west for three years, returning to Ontario five years which he spent in a Brantford hardware store; becoming also captain of the Dufferin Rifles.

He married and went west again, this time to the Crow's Nest country, recently railroaded; to Fernie, where he pioneered a hardware and plumbing business. In 1904 he entered the list of fact facts in Canada by being elected first mayor of Fernie. Then the trail fever got him and he sold out just a little while before the Fernie holocaust of two years ago. He made the long jump to Prince Rupert, of which he was one of the first settlers, and is now the first citizen with a splendid business record and a reputation as a public man who is fearless in the discharge of his duty. His first official act as Mayor of Prince Rupert was to proclaim a holiday in honor of the memory of King Edward.

Fred Stork may not be Mayor of Prince Rupert long enough to drive the first spike in the Grand Trunk Pacific terminal when it strikes the Pacific; but he may be remembered in the annals of the town when other chief magistrates are forgotten. He will probably never erect a monument to commemorate his career.

Composer as Upholsterer.

It was as a young man of nineteen that Sir F. Paolo Tosti, the eminent composer, who recently celebrated his sixty-third birthday, came to Britain and settled down. For years he taught music to several members of the royal family, including Queen Mary, and was a great favorite with Queen Victoria and King Edward. Although music is his ruling passion, Sir Francesco Tosti finds recreation in a strange hobby. It is nothing more or less than upholstering furniture. A number of chairs in his drawing-room were upholstered entirely by himself, and he is always on the lookout for quaint and picturesque-looking chair frames, which he upholsters in the most artistic fashion.

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